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Be Progressive!
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Trade At Home
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Current Comment

In a few more days schools in Campbell will close their doors for the summer, the weary teachers will heave mighty sighs of relief and students will be free to take life easy—some of them for the next three months and some of them only until the fruit work begins. All too soon will summer dwindle into fall and once more young America will pursue its education.

That takes care of the youngsters who are required by law to attend public schools, but what of the great crop of young men and women who are now about to graduate from the high schools? A large number of them want to go on to normal or junior college, or to one of the numerous universities. Some of them will believe that they have sufficient education to buck the wheel of life, and they will rebel at the thought of further academic endeavor. It is this last group we hope to reach, and if we convert only one graduate to the program of more and better education we will feel well rewarded for the small effort these lines have cost.

In this day and age no one ever has enough education. Of particular interest to the 1930 graduate who plans to go no further in school is the fact that in the cities office boys must now-a-days have at least a high school education and the starting wage is generally 50 dollars a month. The ascent to better jobs and better pay is slow, and in the end the man who started as office boy will find the best jobs filled by college trained men, and he will peg along in his little groove until his period of usefulness to the concern has ceased. Of course there are exceptions, but statistics prove the exceptions few and far between.

Still another ,and perhaps one of the most valuable, features of college life, is the life-long friendships which frequently occur among the ranks of the collegians. The mere fact that you have gone to college —any college—adds considerably to your prestige when you get out in the business and social world. If you doubt the wisdom of the advice so freely offered here, ask any one who left high school eight or more years ago and who did not go to college.

Much more could be said on the subject, but more should not be necessary and, as the famous Bret Harte would have said, "We hold of all men most lightly he who says more than is necessary to get his idea into the minds of his readers."

Chicago gangsters may be due for a house-cleaning they richly deserve. Jake Lingle, crime reporter for the Chicago Tribune, was shot through the back of the head as he went forth in search of "copy" on the series of 11 murders which terminated in his own assassination. In later years the name of Jake Lingle may go down on bronze as a martyr to the cause of the law-abiding element of the crime ridden city. He was killed because he "knew too much" and the gangsters feared him. Other newspaper men know the things he knew, and his death may be the signal for a concentrated attack on Chicago's gangland by the mighty newspapers of the city. Such an attack, if carried through religiously, would result in the ultimate rout of the racketeers, murderers, hop heads and bootleggers, and the city would once more be a fit place in which to live. So far the newspapers have remained altogether too neutral, but now that their own toes have been trod upon Chicagoans may witness a turning of the worm.

On the Pacific coast the past week-end there were 34 deaths including the seven lives lost in the Calaveras tunnel disaster. A number of drownings, automobile accidents, suicides, etc., accounted for the balance. The west may be young but we certainly know how to exterminate large numbers of the human race over the week-end.

Cannery workers are arriving and the "cots' are getting ripe. It won't be long now before Campbellites are being awakened by the rattle of cans and the blast of the seven o'clock whistles.

That's all.

LAW REQUIRES A REPORT OF FATAL AUTO CRASHES

SACRAMENTO, June 10—Many drivers of motor vehicles in the state of California are not aware of the fact that they are compelled by law to report any traffic accident which happens to them while driving in which an injury or death occurs to any person. This report must be made within 24 hours of the time of the accident, according to section 142 of the motor vehicle act.

The report may be made either to a local chief of police of any city or to a county sheriff or it can be mailed directly to the division of motor vehicles at Sacramento. The police and sheriffs' offices are required by the law to forward such traffic accident reports to the division of motor vehicles on the 25th day of each month.

The driver of an automobile is not required to report a traffic accident in which property damage only occurs. It is, however, a misdemeanor under the law, punishable by fine or imprisonment, for a driver not to report an accident in which a person is killed or injured.

Officials of the statistical bureau of the California highway patrol at Sacramento stated today that all accident reports coming to the division are carefully tabulated each month. In addition there has recently been established a special record of drivers. This record consists of a card which is made out for each driver of a car involved in an accident. These cards are filed and if more than one accident happens to the same driver, this fact is automatically discovered under the new system. Whenever such a record shows that one driver has been involved in three accidents, inspectors of the California highway patrol are instructed by Superintendent Biscailuz to immediately make an investigation of the driver in question with the object of determining whether or not the driver is competent to drive on the state highways. Should the inspector's investigations reveal that the driver is incompetent, such a driver may be given a hearing before officials of the division of motor vehicles and be required to show cause why his operator's license should not be revoked.

"This is one of the means by which the California highway patrol is attempting to eliminate the incompetent driver from the highways," Superintendent Eugene W. Biscailuz stated recently.

Up to June 1, this year, 643 operators' licenses have been revoked by the division of motor vehicles.

Alumni, Senior Dance Scheduled for Friday Evening, June 13

The Campbell Union High School Alumni association council met Wednesday evening to plan for a senior reception and dance. Most all the plans were completed. The dance will be held this Friday evening in the high school annex beginning immediately after the graduation exercises are over. The dance will be informal and the seniors are the honored guests.

A successful affair of similar sort was held last year for the graduates and plans for this year's reception include a good program and will doubtless duplicate the success of last year.

Nuncy Abinante has secured the old Vendome orchestra and D. A. Yeager, president of the organization, has named Louise Smith, Marion Margeson and Verna Lusher on the refreshment committee. Announcements have been sent to all alumni and they are assured of a pleasant evening.

Glendon Knowles Entertains Classmates At Birthday Party

A jolly group of high eighth grade boys and girls spent a happy evening at the home of Glendon Knowles on Rincon avenue Monday.

Games were played outside and indoors. Those winning prizes were Elizabeth Mumma, Bernice Clark, Robert Gilbert and Milton Hedegard.

The rooms were artistically decorated with streamers of coral and nile green, the class colors. A profusion of flowers with the class colors predominating added to the festive appearance.

Among the refreshments was a birthday cake decorated with 14 candles, and another cake with green icing and "1930" written on it in coral. In addition, ice cream and punch were served.

Besides the prize winners already mentioned, the following were present: Raymond Post, Hugh Cramer, Antone Lobervich, Gene Lear, Joe Bloom, Jim Nichols, George Barnes, Edith Holbrook, Maxine Bouchard, Evelyn Conliffe, Lilabelle Hicks, Olga Brydon, Muriel Knowles and Juanita Knowles.

They're Back Again — By Albert T. Reid

A Couple of our Most Undesirable Citizens.
Oh, my dears! The Country is perfectly gorgeous! One place, though, they had a fierce dog, and he chased Henry clear to the car. I dont know why farmers are permitted to keep such ferocious, vicious animals.
I know where they're going to have the grandest green corn. I'll just motor back there a little later.
Albert T. Reid
AUTOCASTER

Funeral For Father Of Local Man Held At Home In Soquel

Impressive funeral services were held the latter part of last week for the late Frank Moorland, who passed away at his home near Soquel Wednesday, June 4. The services were conducted by the Rev. J. C. Carpenter, pastor of the First M. E. church.

Mr. Moorland was born in Michigan, and for several years prior to coming to California, was engaged in banking in that state. He was a member of high standing in the Masonic order.

He is survived by his wife, his mother and three children, Donald, who is at home, Dorothy, who is a junior in the San Jose State college, and Albert, who is well-known in Campbell, having for the past few months been engaged as cashier in the Campbell branch of the American Trust company.

Emily Pannell Gard's Pupils In Recital At Community Hall

The pupils of Emily Pannell Gard appeared in a piano recital this (Tuesday) evening before a representative group of parents and and friends at the community hall. All selections were played from memory, the high quality of their work speaking much for their industry and their excellent teacher.

The program: Selections by the Keesling family orchestra; "Ballade, Lois Bohnett; "Pixies Good Night Song," Junior De Vaughn; "Spinning Song," Winfield Archibald; "Water Nymph," Dorothy Mills; "In Twilight," Barbara Cooly; "Avalanche," Robert Dodge; "Rose Fay," Barbara Van Every; "Octave Waltz," Paul Ridley; "Elegie," Emily Bohnett; "Balancelle," Juanita Knowles; "Waltz in E. Flat," Katie Messina; "Nola" and "Doll Dance," (dances) Emily and Lois Bohnett, with Jeanette Wellington at the piano; "Aragonaise," Mark Berger; "The Myrtles," Reynold Keesling; "Country Gardens," Jeanette Wellington; "Rustle of Spring," Olga Brydon; "Military Polonaise," Philip Farley, and "Saltarelle," Betty Keesling.

GRAMMAR SCHOOL GRADUATION THIS THURSDAY EV'NING

Graduation exercises for the Campbell union grammar school class of 1930 will be held in the school auditorium Thursday evening, June 13, at 8 o'clock.

A brief program will mark the occasion, and includes the following:

"Follow the Flag," by the grammar school orchestra, A. A. Thielke directing; invocation, Rev. Fred Conliffe; selections by the orchestra; address by Rabbi Montague N. A. Cohen; presentation of diplomas, I. R. Abbott; "The Trumpeters," a vocal solo by Mr. McConnell; presentation of class gift, Elizabeth Mumma; acceptance by John Cannel; "The Brotherhood of Man," a song by the graduating class, and benediction by Rev. Fred Conliffe.

The class flower is the gladiolii and the colors coral and nile. They have as their motto, "Work plus courage equal success," and the class teacher is Miss Hancie Naylor. Forty five students will graduate.

Congregational Sunday School Picnic Will Be Held At Seacliffe Sat.

The Congregational church Sunday school will go to Seacliffe Saturday for an all-day outing at the beach. This is the first time anything of the sort has been done, the usual thing being a picnic at one of the nearby parks. Parents and friends are cordially invited.

Cars will leave the church on North Central avenue at 8 o'clock Saturday morning to take the children to the beach. Game of all kinds and other amusements will be provided for the children.

No swimming will be permitted unless parents accompany children or unless they give their consent to Mr. Bennett. This rule will be strictly enforced.

Rebekahs Elect New Officers

The semi-annual election of officers of the Ada Rebekah lodge was held in the Odd Fellows hall last Tuesday evening. Josephine LaBarbara was elected noble grand; Grace Freudenthal, vice grand; Lillian Ohlen, secretary; Marie financial secretary; Ellen Snow, treasurer, and Emma Main, trustee.

The installation of officers will occur at the next regular meeting, at which Lillian Fraser, Emma Main and Martha Philips will be in charge of the social hour.

Cambrian To Hold Graduation Exercises Thursday Evening

Ten students will be graduated from the Cambrian grammar school this Thursday evening. The exercises are to be at the school.

The program includes several selections by the school orchestra, under the direction of Mrs. Mabel Keesling, a solo by Mabel Matteson, a piano duet by Miriam Utter and Marjory Mason, and an accordion duet by Marion and William Cilker. Dr. Carl Holliday of the San Jose State college will address the class. Invocation will be given and benediction asked by the Rev. J. H. Bennett of the Campbell Congregational church.

Those graduating are Matoe Aritoni, Nick Casella, Marion Cilker, Dorothy Dutra, Joe Guida, Fred Hocking, Marjory Mason, Mabel Matteson, Edward Stojanovich and Miriam Utter.

Lawrence Farum, Miss Velma Ash, Married Sunday

Lawrence J. Farum, son of Mr. and Mrs. J. L. Farum of the Busy Bee restaurant in Campbell, was married Sunday afternoon to Miss Velma Ash, daughter of George C. Ash of San Jose, at 2:30 o'clock at the home of the bride's father on Davis street. The Rev. Lloyd of the San Jose Methodist church performed the ceremony. The home was beautifully decorated with fern and sweet peas in delicate pastel shades.

The bride was gowned in pink and carried a bouquet of pink rose buds. The brides' maid was the groom's sister, Mrs. Marjorie Morgan, and best man was Corwith Ash. Members of their families and intimate friends were present to congratulate them and bid them bon voyage on their two weeks' honeymoon at the Grand Canyon, Los Angeles and other places of interest.

On their return they will make their home in San Jose. The bride will continue her work at the San Jose Building and Loan association and the groom will resume his duties at the P. G. & E. office in Los Gatos.

LOCAL HIGH WILL GRADUATE SIXTY-EIGHT STUDENTS

Sixty-eight students will graduate from the Campbell Union High school Friday evening, June 13. This is the largest class that has ever graduated from the local high school. Dr. T. W. McQuarrie will speak. An excellent program is being prepared for the event.

This evening is class night, when the prophecy will be read and the horoscope acted out upon the stage.

Graduating this year are Grace Amato, Vesta Anderson, Phyllis Angelo, Harriet Barnes, Alfred Beer, Stella Bianco, Frances Barstow, Ruth Bollinger, John Buccellato, Helen Buck, Dorothy Burton, Frances Canciamilla, Mildred Cannon, Dorothy Clark, Bruce Cooper, Stanley DeSelle, Kathryn Eitzert, Harold Gardner, Harris Gardner, Elmer Herschbach, Ruth Holt, Vivian Hornberger, Ed Hubbard, Clyde Janic, Mildred Johnson, Bradford Jones, Ernest Keesling, Chiyoye Kurasaki, Ben LaMorte, Charley Lasich, Leland Lea, Anna Lavoi, Donald Laughlin, Fay Loveli, Lois Marston, Richard Matteis, David Merrill, Bennie Miller, Forest Montgomery, Eugene Moore, Leland Nelson, Veva Nichols, Willis Noethig, Hazel Ousley, Elwin Overshiner, Phoebe Payne, Rocci Pisano, Jerome Pope, Louis Pope, Muriel Rawlings, Lorraine Ribisi, Mack Ross, Mary Rossotto, Nellie Ruscigno, Henry Ruthnick, Phillis Shelley, Mildred Smith, Miles Standish, George Stubbe, Elmer Sundquist, Lawrence Templeton, Anna Traina, Virginia Tressler, Noel Voge, Nadine Wendt, Eugene Williams, Robert Yolland and Iris York.

Robert Collins, Old-Time Typ[illegible]her, Laid [illegible] Saturday

Funeral services were held Saturday morning from the San Jose funeral parlor for Robert Collins, aged Campbell resident and probably the oldest printer in this section of the state. Deceased was a native of Canada, and is survived by a daughter, Dora Brophy, and two grandchildren.

Interment was made at the Olivet Memorial park with many friends from Campbell present.

P. T. A.'s Hold Joint Meeting and "Dads' Night" Tuesday Eve

The Campbell high and grammar schools P. T. A.'s held their last meeting of the season in the cafeteria of the grammar school last Tuesday evening. It was a joint session featuring "father's night." A dinner at 6:30 p. m. was served in the cafeteria with nearly 100 parents present.

Joint installation of officers took place immediately after dinner. Mrs. T. T. Tourtillott, of Agnew, and the new president of the Foothill Council of the P. T. A., was the installing officer. New officers of the high P. T. A. are, president, Mrs. J. W. Knowles; vice president, Mrs. F. Johnson; recording secretary, Neil Best, and treasurer, Mrs. R. E. Stubbe.

For the grammar P. T. A. new officers installed were, president, Mrs. S. N. Hedegard; vice president, Mrs. W. Van Avery; recording secretary, Mrs. E. L. Farnham; corresponding secretary, Mrs. Mabel Davison; treasurer, Mrs. H. F. Rediker; historian, Mrs. J. Collins, and parliamentarian, Mrs. A. D. Rice.

Ira R. Abbott of the grammar school presided over the meeting and program that followed the business session. The Keesling orchestra furnished music throughout the program and rendered several beautiful selections in addition. The program included a solo by Betty Jurres, readings by Geraldine Jurres, and dances by Genevieve Serpa and Betty Jurres.

Professor D. H. Cramer and Neil Best of the high school faculty each gave a brief talk, with Dr. Carl Holliday of the San Jose State college giving the address of the evening. His subject was "Slang and Language."

LINEN HIGH IN FASHION'S FAVOR

THE vogue for linen has now extended to the ensemble costume for town wear. The costume pictured is of brown irish linen. It has a jacket nipped in at the waist and a skirt with pleated side panels, thus achieving the fashionable wide hemline. The blouse also is of linen—a very light handkerchief weight. Pealed tabs extend from the V-neck to the waistline. The hat likewise is of linen. It is all over stitched and has a facing in contrasting color.

The fact that the jacket suit illustrated is of brown linen is very significant from a color as well as a fabric standpoint, for late reports from Paris stress the present and forthcoming vogue for brown, especially exceedingly dark tones.

Than the tailored suit of dark washable material there is nothing smarter this season, with emphasis placed on linen weaves. Jacket and skirt outfits of black linen are especially good-looking. The blouses worn with these sturdy linen two-piece [illegible] linens and they [illegible] very frilly and feminine.

In more senses than one this might very properly be referred to as a linen season, for everything is being made of pastel of the dark colored linens from suits, frocks ensembles and the blouse to hats handbags, and even shoes, for linen pumps matching the sports costume have become a smart item for summer.

Enthusiasm for linen is that keen, women who know how to sew are buying patterns, which are easily available, for the big new floppy linen hats, making up a chapeau to match each of their sports linens. Directions for stitching the crowns and brims in novelty ways lead to very handsome effects for these hats, which add to their charm the practical qualities of laundering to perfection.

Not only solid colored linens are sponsored but printed, also embroidered linens flourish in the mode. A black linen embroidered in little all-over motifs makes a stunning jacket suit or pirate blue with white, if color is desired.

The handkerchief linen blouse is a theme of wide interest, inviting a lavishment of fine fagoting or hemstitching or drawnwork, or it may be made up strictly tailored. The most popular sheer linen blouses are in pastels and have huge ruffled or petaled collars designed to wear over the jacket.

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Birth of Great Industry

It might be said that the manufacture of railway locomotives in the United States had its beginning with the founding of the Baldwin Locomotive works, in Philadelphia, in 1832. Mathias Baldwin was the founder.

Safe for the Present

Discovery that the earth's crust is 25 miles thick should assure us that our world is in no danger from the divot diggers.—Arkansas Gazette.

The Victory Was All Margaret's

The Weekly Short Story—By RICHARD ROE

THE smooth road stretched out like black ribbon. There was scarcely any traffic—little by little the pointer crept around on the speedometer—Margaret felt as if she were flying. Suddenly two blinding lights came toward her and she turned out a little—a crash that sounded like the end of the world—the instinctive jamming on of brakes—a reeling ride in the field—and then the smart coupe turned over with a crash of glass.

"Are you hurt?" asked a white-faced young man.

"I don't think so," she said shakily; "what hit me?"

"You hit me," he replied, grimly, "or at least my roadster, and if I hadn't jumped you would have killed me. As it is I bet you've done five hundred dollars' worth of damages on the car."

"Oh, really? Well, look at mine!" she retorted hotly. "You didn't have any lights or I wouldn't have run into you."

"I did have a light and you were going entirely too fast. A car of that make never should be driven as you were driving—it isn't built for it."

That was too much. To smash her car and then defame it—her lovely new pale gray coupe that had been driven but once. Margaret's voice rose. "You had no lights and I am going to have you arrested. Where's a policeman?"

An obliging boy who loved a rumpus went off to find one and Margaret put in the interval investigating the wounds of the coupe. Finally a wrecker came up and hoisted the battered car out of the mud and departed with it forlornly trailing behind.

The bored justice of the peace holding traffic court brisked up when he saw Margaret, pretty, well-dressed and impressive. "What's the charge?" he asked solicitously.

"Parked without lights," said the policeman wearily.

The justice looked shocked. "What have you to say?" he demanded sternly of the young man.

"I had lights," he replied indignantly, "until she banged into me and put 'em out."

The justice, a young and personable man, looked at Margaret, prettier than ever in a rage. "It is not true," she said. She said more — considerably more — but presently she became aware that the justice seemed to be looking rather than listening. He roused himself from pleasant thought and turned to the young man. "Fined ten dollars for being parked without lights," he said.

The young man paid under bitter protest but the victory was all Margaret's. John Anderson left court with vengeance in his heart. Tomorrow he would start suit against that hateful girl and punish her insurance company if he could not punish her.

From the address she had given in court he knew that he passed her house on his way to business and his wrath blazed up afresh as he went by next morning. After he had passed he recalled that there had been a car outside the house, and with a little jar it came to him that it was the familiar car of a doctor.

At night when he went home the same car was there, and somehow his anger seemed to be evaporating. When he got home he telephoned his lawyer to do nothing about the suit until he heard from him.

The next morning the doctor was coming out of the house and John Anderson hurried up to catch him. The doctor was in a hurry and when he saw the young man's inquiring expression he replied to it. "Pretty bad today. A shock is a serious matter with a heart like Miss Willis'." And he plunged into his car, leaving a young man whose own heart suddenly felt as if it had something wrong with it.

"A shock," he reflected, "a bad heart—my gosh, the girl may die, and I'll feel like a murderer!" He sent flowers on his way home and the next day got his secretary to telephone an inquiry. The report was dubious and he rushed off to order flowers again. That was surely a bad week for John Anderson.

Margaret Willis had a trying week, too, and at the end of it when the doctor said everything was safe and the patient well on the road to recovery, she decided to take a walk. "Auntie, dear, I won't be gone long, but promise me that you won't fall down stairs again while I'm out." With a gentle kiss she ran downstairs and out into the street which seemed beautiful after her confinement in her aunt's bedroom.

The trees had leafed out, tulips were in bloom, it was a gay, fresh May morning. A young man came toward Margaret with his eyes bulging out of his head. His face was one great great smile as he grasped her reluctant hand.

"Why, you're well again," he said, "and you look as strong as ever—I never was so happy in my life—if you had died I would have smashed the d—d car with an ax—the lights were really very dim because the battery was low."

Comprehension dawned on Margaret and she pulled away her hand. "There weren't any lights at all or I shouldn't have bumped into you," she said.

Well, they were both persons who made up their minds quickly, so six months later they were fighting over where they would go to spend their honeymoon.

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Appealing Dishes

By NELLIE MAXWELL

This country doesn't need a third party. It was a third party that spoiled the Garden of Eden.—Chattanooga Evening Chatterbox.

LET us not forget the value of fruits and vegetables in our menus.

Banana Supreme.—Peel, scrape and cut four bananas crosswise into quarters. Put one-half cupful of nuts through a food chopper with four graham crackers. Mix with one-third of a cupful of brown sugar, one-eighth teaspoonful of nutmeg. Roll the bananas in this and lay close together in a buttered pan. Bake 20 minutes. Serve with whipped cream.

Maids of Honor.—Beat two eggs with one-half cupful of sugar until light, then add two cupfuls of cottage cheese, two tablespoonfuls of cream, one-half cupful of seedless raisins, one teaspoonful of lemon peel, one tablespoonful of lemon juice, two tablespoonfuls of chopped almonds. Put a spoonful of the filling into individual tart pans lined with rich pastry and bake in a moderately hot oven.

History has it that these small pies were first made by the maid of honor to Katherine of Aragon.

Polenta With Sausages.—Sprinkle one and one-half cupfuls of corn meal into a quart of boiling salted water, stirring and cooking for 20 minutes. Now add one pound of sausage meat which has been well cooked and broken into small bits. Stir it into the corn meal and pour into a mold to cool. Unmold, cover with tomato sauce and cheese and bake half an hour in moderate oven.

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EFFECTIVE USE OF ORGANDIE

ALL signs point to a season of triumph for organdie. Evening gowns, as created by leading French couturiers, are the sensation of the present season. Which is interesting, because of the fact that its employment for formal wear lifts organdie out of the simple-fabric-for-simple-frocks class to a position of flattering prestige.

So it is that organdie in white or colors is exceedingly smart just now for garden party, dine and dance frocks. Worked with lace it is even smarter. The latest whim of fashion is to mount the organdie frock on a lace foundation. The glimmer here and there of lace as revealed through the sheer organdie weave is fascinating.

In creating the gown in the picture the designer poses tiers of circular-cut organdie flounces in minaret fashion over an all-lace foundation slip. When it comes to the quaint fitted bodice, for one brief moment the organdie is omitted in favor of the lace, emphasizing its presence, however, in the fashioning of the little puff sleeves. The huge hair hat also takes up the refrain of organdie in the way of a facing.

Attention is called to the belted at the waistline ribbon with an old fashioned round lace bordered bouquet set primly a bit to one side from whence falls the long streamers. Which goes to show that it is chic these days to dress as they did in the 1830s and thereabout. These naive little clusters of posies are also smart positioned at the front fastening of lingerie fichu and bertha collars such as are complementing afternoon silk and light woolen frocks.

Organdie for the bridesmaid's frock is the "last word," either posed over lace or made up in most complicated ways, often with a view to achieving a slender silhouette, molding the figure, becoming bouffant below the knees so that the hemline at every move reveals its lace foundation. All the lovely "baby colors" are featured.

The color is usually carried into the large picturesque transparent hats via sashes of wide soft satin or velvet ribbon.

JULIA BOTTOMLEY.

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A Story for the Children

Sky Chatter

By MARY GRAHAM BONNER

"MY SEASONS," Saturn told Harry, "are like yours in their degrees of warmth, mild weather, and so forth—only every one of my seasons lasts seven years."

"Do you mean seven years of winter and seven years of spring and seven years of summer and so on?" asked Harry.

"Just what I mean," said Saturn "Glad you get the idea at once."

"Do you find anyone grumbling over having a season last so long? Now if we have too long a winter or too long a spring people grumble."

"I never hear complaints."

Harry had hoped from the way in which he had put his question that Saturn would give himself away and answer that having no people on his planet there could be no complaints. But Saturn's eyes twinkled as he answered, for he knew what was in Harry's mind However, Harry was just about certain that there was no life here From the look of what he could see he could tell that it was very hot and that it was not like his earth where so many creatures lived.

It was the strangest thing—but at this moment Cosmo arrived with the plane. How well they were going to guard their secrets! Harry said good-by to Saturn hurriedly, for Cosmo said they mustn't be late.

"Don't forget to look at my rings through a telescope next time you get a chance," Saturn called out "Sorry I couldn't have shown them to you here but on account of going around me—"

Harry did not hear the end of the sentence. They were flying once more.

He made himself quite at home in the plane now. He looked at

They Flew by Uranus.

some of the charts as he ate sandwiches.

"We'll just whiz by Uranus," said Cosmo. "He's next to the most distant planet and you can't see him without a telescope. You're always asking about life on the planets. Of course they wonder most about Mars and a little about Venus, but I will tell you that there's no life on Uranus—nor on Neptune. Both are too hot. Stars are also too hot.

"Uranus was named after an ancient god. A brilliant man named William Herschel discovered him but was too modest to have the planet named after himself so chose the name of an old god instead."

"If I ever did anything like discovering a planet I'm sure I would want it named after me," Harry said, "although I'm not strong for conceited people."

They flew by Uranus, looking out at it from the windows of the plane. It seemed very large from their view of it—so close at hand—and then the pilot went in the direction of Neptune.

"Neptune was discovered less than one hundred years ago by an Englishman named John Couch Adams, but he named this planet after Father Neptune. About the same time, too, a French astronomer named Severrier discovered this planet."

"Have either of these planets a moon?" Harry asked.

"Yes. Neptune has a moon to keep him company way off in the sky. And Uranus has four little ones."

"Better than none, I should say," Harry remarked.

"But now we must visit the stars. Oh, there is so much to be seen. Your Solar system amounts to so little when we think how much else there is—such countless stars, and other sky families."

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SUCH IS LIFE— Snappy Answer — By Charles Sughroe

ACHES

There's scarcely an ache or pain that Bayer Aspirin won't relieve *promptly*. It can't remove the cause, but it *will* relieve the pain! Headaches. Backaches. Neuritis and neuralgia. Yes, and rheumatism. Read proven directions for many important uses. Genuine Aspirin can't depress the heart. Look for the Bayer cross:

BAYER

Never

"So Mabel has a job?"

"Yeh."

"Wrapped up in her work, I suppose?"

"Not on your life—she's a swimming teacher."

for Stomach and LIVER TROUBLES

Coated tongue, bad breath, constipation, biliousness, nausea, indigestion, dizziness, insomnia result from acid stomach. Avoid serious illness by taking August Flower at once. Get at any good druggist. Relieves *promptly* — sweetens stomach, livens liver, aids digestion, clears out poisons. You feel fine, eat anything, with

AUGUST FLOWER

BOILS HEALED OVERNIGHT

Specialist's salve, Carboil, stops pain instantly. Heals worst boil overnight. Get Carboil from druggist. End pain quick. Boils vanish in quickest time ever known.

Fig Tree on Palm

A fig tree about three feet high was found growing out of the side of a palm tree in the courthhouse grounds, Vasalia, Calif. Its roots apparently drew sustenance from the mold in the niches of the palm and from the sap of the palm tree. This fig tree blossomed out with other trees at the first sign of spring.

HEADACHE?

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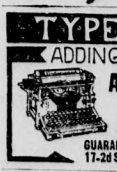

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LADIES' MENS'

The Mazaroff Mystery

By J. S. FLETCHER

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W. N. U. Service

Illustrations by IRWIN MYERS

WHAT WENT BEFORE

Mervyn Holt is engaged by a man calling himself Mazaroff as a traveling companion. After a short tour they put up at Woodcock inn, on Marrasdale moor. They meet, casually, Mrs. Elphinstone and Sheila Merchison. Mazaroff informs Holt that they are his wife and daughter and that his real name is Merchison. That night Mazaroff fails to return to the inn. Holt meets Sheila and tells her of Mazaroff's disappearance. They go to her cousin's (Verner Courthope) shooting box, hoping to hear word of Mazaroff. They meet Mr. Armintrade and Doctor Eccleshare. Police Sergeant Manners and a reporter, Bownas, question Holt. Mazaroff's murdered body is found. Crole, Mazaroff's lawyer, and Maythorne, private detective, arrive. Valuable diamonds that Mazaroff usually carried are missing. A gun, stolen from Musgrave, is found at the scene of the murder. Evidence at the inquest proves "Mazaroff" was Merchison. Herman Kloop, close friend of Mazaroff, says the latter had two remarkable diamonds, which he had offered to sell to Lord and Lady Loeke. Lord Loeke says Mazaroff had one of the stones and Armintrade, his agent, the other. Sheila Merchison arrives at Holt's rooms with the missing will, which she had stolen from her mother.

CHAPTER VI—Continued
—9—

"Go on," said Maythorne, quietly. "Tell us everything."

"Well, last night, the same thing occurred again," continued Sheila. "She went out, on the same excuse and she was away still longer. I heard her come in—I went to see if there was anything I could do for her. And it was then I made a discovery. She was in the library. I saw her through the curtains that shut it off from the big library. There was a small lamp on the table in the center; she stood by it examining a sheet of paper. And—I don't know if it was intuition, or what—it flashed across me that what she was looking at was the missing will! So—well, then I watched her—I'll confess it. She read the paper through, folded it up, looked round, and then went over to one of the bookcases, and slipped the paper into a big volume in a corner. Then I went off—and I didn't sleep. I knew there was—mischief. I was certain—dead certain!—that paper was the will, wherever and however she had got it. And in the middle of the night I got up, and went down, and got the paper out in the dark, and then just struck a match—and of course one glance was enough. I put it back, and went back to bed. And then there was no sleep. I felt—oh, I don't know what I felt! There was devilry somewhere—close at hand. My own mother or not!—what business had she with that will? Where did she get it? By what means? Was she mixed up with?—but I didn't dare to think about what she might be mixed up with. What I did realize was this—the probability was that if the will remained in her possession, she'd destroy it, and then—well then, all sorts of things would happen that I didn't want to happen. And so I determined to take matters into my own hands. I got up early. I took the will, got on my bicycle, and set off for Black Gill Junction—it was still dark when I set out. I got down to Carlisle—and then, of course, it was plain sailing up to town. And—you've got the will!"

"You're a good plucked 'un!" Maythorne said, with obvious admiration. "You know at any rate how to act without hesitation. Well!—this is a queer tale, Holt. How does it strike you?"

"It may be," I answered, "that Mrs. Elphinstone could give a perfectly proper and valid explanation as to how she became possessed of the will."

Sheila turned on me like a flash.

"Mervyn!" she exclaimed. "I believe you think I should have asked her that before I stole the will and ran off with it—to you!"

"No—no!" I protested. "I—

"I believe you do—I believe you do!" she exclaimed. "A pretty fool I should have been if I'd as much as let her know that I knew it was there! I know what would have happened if I'd told her that I knew what was hidden in the book! She'd have burned it before my very eyes, I know! No!—knowing what I did, there was only one thing to do, and that was to place it in safety."

"Miss Merchison's right," said Maythorne. "That was the only thing to do. And here it is, and tomorrow morning I'll hand it over to Crole. Mind you, Miss Merchison, your mother, as Holt suggests, may have a perfectly good explanation as to how she got the will. But, under the circumstances, you took the best step you could."

Sheila jumped up, suddenly, and began to button her coat.

"Then that's all right," she said. "I've done my bit, anyway—and now I'm off—I'll sleep tonight."

"Where are you going?" I asked as Maythorne and I rose. "Wherever it is, you must let me see you there, safely?"

"Oh, you can do that," she answered, half-carelessly. "I'm going to my old school friend, Rhoda Apperley. She lives in a flat of her own in Ashington mansions, in Maida Vale. I'm all right—but you can get me a taxi and ride there with me if you like."

"And tomorrow, in the morning," said Maythorne, "let Holt call for you and bring you to my office. And by-the-bye, before we go out, I've got something in my pocket, Miss Merchison, that I'd like to show you. Come to the light."

Suddenly, from some inner pocket, he produced and laid on the table in the full glare of the lamp an old-fashioned cairngorm brooch, set in fine, much-worn silver. He looked closely at Sheila.

"Have you ever seen that before?" he asked. "Think!"

"No!" replied Sheila. "Never! Whose is it?—What is it?"

Maythorne picked up the brooch and began to finger it. Turning it over he pointed to the pin at the back, which was considerably worn and fitted loosely to its socket.

"It would easily slip out of any woman's gown," he said. "And—I picked it up at Reiver's den close to the spot where Mazaroff's dead body was found."

She turned on him a quick, questioning glance that shifted from him to the brooch, and he picked up the brooch again, and restored it to his pocket.

"So—to the best of your recollection—you've never seen it before?" he said.

"Never!" she repeated. "Never!"

Presently we all three went downstairs, and into the street. I got a taxicab, and Sheila and I got into it. Maythorne said good-night and went off; we, too, set out on our ride to Maida Vale. She suddenly laughed shyly.

"Mervyn!" she said. "Were—were you glad to see me?"

"Will it be an answer," said I, "if I tell you that I'd been thinking about you all the evening?"

"That's a nice answer," she laughed. "Oh, well—now don't let's talk—we'll talk tomorrow, or next day, or some other day. But you can hold my hand, if you like, till we get to the end of the ride."

We held each other's hands—in silence—all the way to Maida Vale. I saw her safely in charge of her friend, and went back home in the same cab. Wondering, of course—wondering . . . what next?

CHAPTER VII

The Missing Man.

I WAS back at Ashington mansions soon after nine o'clock on the following morning, and by half past Sheila and I were walking down Edgware road on our way to Maythorne's office. Amidst the crowded London streets, we were alone in a sense in which we could not have been alone in the solitudes of Marrasdale, and the sensation was as novel as it was delightful. Yet I knew it could not last, and we had not been walking far when Sheila voiced exactly what I was feeling.

"Mervyn!—I'll have to go back, you know!" she said. "I've done what I came for—given you the will—and now I'll have to go home—soon, anyway—and face the music. Of course, my mother has guessed long since what's happened. And—there'll be a nice row! I shall have the liveliest quarter of an hour I ever had in my life. And I shall only have one retort to make—not a nice one to make to one's own mother—and that's to ask her what she was doing with that will and how she got it? And, if I know her, she won't say."

"There may be developments before it comes to that," I remarked. "The fact is, we none of us know where we are. I don't, anyhow! I feel as if I didn't know what on earth's going to turn up next."

"Anything may," said Sheila. "I suppose the thing is, in these cases, to be ready for anything and surprised at nothing."

And at that very moment a surprise was within touching distance of us. Suddenly Sheila stopped dead and clutched my arm; turning sharply on her, I saw that she was staring as if fascinated at the open door of a tobacconist's shop, a few yards ahead of us.

"Mervyn!" she whispered. "Parslave! Gone in—there!"

"Parslave!" I exclaimed. "The man missing from Marrasdale? Impossible!"

"I tell you Parslave has just gone into that shop—the tobacco shop! Parslave is in that shop! Come back!"

"You're certain?" I said.

"Dead certain! Parslave is in there! Watch for him—let me stand in this shop door."

"He'll know you?"

"Of course! If he comes this way, I'll slip into this shop and buy something—anything. If he goes the other—follow. Good Heavens! —what is he doing here!—in London?"

It was a drapery establishment by which we were standing, with a deep doorway—Sheila slipped within its shelter; I halt hidden, kept an eye on the tobacconist's door. And presently out came a tall, wiry fellow obviously a countryman, bronzed in cheek and neck; he turned along the pavement, away from us.

Sheila came out of the doorway and glanced down the street.

"That's Parslave!" she said. "But I knew it was. What next?"

"We must follow him," I answered. "No matter where he goes I'm going to track him. Look here! —I'll keep a little way behind him; you keep a little behind me."

So we began our chase of this man who had disappeared from Birnside on the night of Mazaroff's murder, and for whom the police had already instituted a hue-and-cry.

Parslave went slowly away in front, and just as slowly Sheila sauntered after me in the rear. He was an easy man to follow, and it needed little watchfulness of my part to see that he had not the ghost of an idea that he was being followed.

He turned to his right sharply into Praed street, crossed the roadway, and a little further along the other side, turned again. Sauntering after him, at a considerable distance, I saw him enter the side door of a house—a rather bigger, more pretentious house than those that flanked it. Then he disappeared. I hastened my steps, walked swiftly past the house he had entered, and on the side door, on a dirty, uncleaned brass plate read, to my utter amazement:

"Dr. Eccleshare
Surgery Hours 9:30 to 11 a. m. 7 to 8:30 p. m."

I turned back to the top of the street, where Sheila was already hanging about.

"Got him?" she asked.

I touched her arm with one hand pointing with the other to the

"Mervyn!" She Whispered. "Parslave! Gone in—There!"

house at the further end of the street.

"You see that house down there?—the one that stands out from the rest?"

"I see it."

"That's Eccleshare's! Eccleshare's, do you understand? Doctor Eccleshare. Eccleshare's—good Lord! And—Parslave's in there!"

Then silence fell upon us. We stood, mutually questioning each other. Sheila spoke first.

"Eccleshare's house!—and Parslave in it? Then here's some devilry at work. Mervyn—what's to be done? Of course, I see how things are. Eccleshare sent Parslave here—to hide!"

But I had been thinking during that moment of silence—thinking fast.

"There's only one thing to be done," I said. "Look here—you do just what I tell you. Get a taxicab. Go straight to Maythorne's—103b Conduit street—got that?—and tell him exactly what's happened. Get him to come back here with you, and to bring his clerk, Cottingley. Meanwhile, I'll keep an eye on Parslave and that house. Now—hurry!"

She went off on the instant, without as much as a word, and I turned to watch the house not fifty yards away. And I had not watched long before Parslave came out again, and came my way, too. He was carrying a rush basket, such as servants use when they go shopping. I sauntered after him (on the opposite side). He went to a grocer's shop; he bought potatoes and a couple of fine cauliflowers. And, that little domestic mission fulfilled, he went leisurely back to Doctor Eccleshare's. I pictured him and some housekeeper woman in there—Parslave would doubtless be peeling the potatoes like any tame family man and exchanging pleasant talk with the female presiding genius—and yonder in the Northumbrian wilds three hundred miles away, the police were wanting him on suspicion of murder!

I was laughing softly over this when a hand was laid on my arm. I looked sharply round—to see Maythorne's queer clerk, Cottingley. He jerked a thumb over his left shoulder, silently and following the gesture I saw a few yards away Sheila, Maythorne, and a strange man somebody or other got up for the part of the confirmed loafer, the type that just hangs about, and hangs about.

"Governor!" said Cottingley, as if introducing Maythorne. "Here."

I went up to Maythorne and Sheila, Cottingley at my heels. The loafer person made a slinking movement to the rear, and began to study the contents of a shop window. Maythorne gave me a glance that meant more things than I could realize.

"Now then, Holt," he said, plunging straight into business, "Miss Merchison's given us a description of this man Parslave—just you give us another, so that Cottingley and this other man of mine will know him to the last detail. Here—Johnson!"

The loafer individual slid close to us, like a shadow sifted by a moving light, and he kept his eyes on me without blinking while I rapidly but thoroughly detailed a description of Parslave.

Cottingley nodded at Maythorne, nudged the loafer, and they turned away, with seeming utter indifference. Sheila stared after them in obvious wonder.

Maythorne laughed and motioned us toward the end of Praed street.

"You two young people can go off duty now," he said. "Parslave is as safe as if we'd got him inside the jewel case at the Tower! Take my advice—go somewhere and have the day to yourselves. Leave all this to me!—the only thing is that I want you, Holt, to look in at my office at six o'clock sharp this evening. Now—I'm off! Business!"

He was in the taxicab which he had kept waiting and was being driven away before we could say anything. We both looked at each other and laughed.

"That's good advice of Maythorne's, anyhow," I said. "Let's follow it. Let's go somewhere where we can talk about—"

"What?" she said as I hesitated.

"Ourselves!" said I. "We've had enough of other people."

We had a delightful lunch in a delightful, old-fashioned inn; we spent the afternoon amongst the autumn-tinted lanes, and . . .

But that, after all, has nothing to do with this story, though it has all to do with Sheila and myself. At half past five I took her back to her friend's flat, and then went out to Conduit street and Maythorne. He immediately waved a telegram at me.

"Here you are, Holt," he said. "More developments. A wire from your man, Webster."

There was no great amount of wording in Webster's telegram, but such words as were there conveyed a good deal of highly important infomation. This is what Webster said:

"Courthope, Armintrade, Eccleshare, Mr. and Mrs. Elphinstone all left here for Carlisle by eight o'clock train this morning."

I handed back the telegram without comment.

"Carlisle, of course, meant London," Maythorne said. "The scene of operation's shifted, Holt!—we've got some of the chief actors close at hand."

"Mrs. Elphinstone, of course, has come after her daughter," I suggested.

"And the will," he answered. "Or to find out what her daughter's done with the will. Well—there are two men we'll have to have a pretty straight talk with tomorrow. We're going to have it out with Armintrade. After that we're going to interview Eccleshare—and Parslave, possibly with a little police assistance if need be. But tonight you and I are going to see Mrs. Elphinstone. We know where she's to be found—and we'll go now and find her."

"Where?" I asked, wondering if he had some further information.

"Can you doubt," he answered, with a laugh. "She'll be found at Ashington mansions—where, I suppose, you've just left her daughter. I want to ask Mrs. Elphinstone a question or two. And I may as well tell you, Holt—she won't answer 'em! Tonight, at any rate."

"That I quite expect," said I.

"Just so! But she'll answer 'em tomorrow—or next day—or the day after that," he said with a significant glance. "The thing is, first to put them to her."

We rode up to Maida Vale and got out of our cab some twenty or thirty yards short of Ashington mansions. Maythorne immediately nudged my elbow.

"What did I tell you?" he said. "They're here now!"

In front of the main entrance to the flats a taxicab stood. And within it sat a woman—a tall, angular elderly woman, dressed in somewhat rusty black, who stared straight in front of her until attracted by our momentary halt and seeing our eyes turn in her direction, she gave us a quick side-glance only to withdraw it sharply and to look ahead again, still more steadily. We passed on and entered the door.

"I've seen that woman before," remarked Maythorne, as we crossed the hall to the elevator. "At Marrasdale."

"So have I," I answered. "I saw her about the Woodcock—in fact I took her for the cook. What can she be doing—here?"

"Mrs. Elphinstone will know," he said. "But—I shan't ask her that now. Well—what's this Miss Apperley's number?" he went on as we were whirled upwards. "Twenty-seven? Right! Now then, Holt—we walk straight in! We'll excuse ourselves to Miss Apperley afterward."

(TO BE CONTINUED)

How They Change

Time was when an unmarried woman kept very quiet about her state. Now she proclaims it aloud and aloft.—Woman's Home Companion.

Have Glut of Bibles and of Epsom Salts

No more Bibles or epsom salts are wanted at Tristan da Cunha, the "world's loneliest isle," in the South Atlantic. The reason is that kindly people have sent so many of these articles that every inhabitant is supplied for years. According to Rev. R. A. C. Pooley, the missionary in charge, there has been a flood of Bibles, some houses having six copies, and many "Good Books" are awaiting new arrivals. He adds that there are still 200 pounds of epsom salts to be taken when required. His letter was written a year ago, but has just arrived in England, the boat touching the island only about once a year. A new school was erected last spring for the 150 inhabitants, who are descendants of the British garrison in the days when Napoleon was at St. Helena.

OLD DOCTOR'S IDEA IS BIG HELP TO ELDERLY PEOPLE

In 1885, old Dr. Caldwell made a discovery for which elderly people the world over praise him today!

Years of practice convinced him that many people were endangering their health by a careless choice of laxatives. So he began a search for a harmless prescription which would be thoroughly effective, yet would neither gripe nor form any habit. At last he found it.

Over and over he wrote it, when he found people bilious, headachy, out of sorts, weak or feverish; with coated tongue, bad breath, no appetite or energy. It relieved the most obstinate cases, and yet was gentle with women, children and elderly people.

Today the same famous, effective prescription, known as Dr. Caldwell's Syrup Pepsin, is the world's most popular laxative. It may be obtained from any drugstore.

Wooden Hats for Women

Paris' new fashion of wooden hats for women is being accepted. The hats are made of three-ply wood, and the brims, which are cut in two, are fitted with hidden springs so that they may be pulled over the hair. The headpieces preserve the cloche shape, and are trimmed with delicately carved ornaments, some of which are the work of artists who devoted much time to them. It is claimed that they are just as light and comfotable as felt and much more durable because they do not develop creases. But they are much more expensive.

Gems of Colored Glass

Pitkin flasks are the products of the Pitkin Glass works, which were the first works of the kind built in Connecticut. The works were constructed in 1783 and were in operation until 1830. Many containers made by the Pitkin Glass works were never surpassed in beauty or color or pattern. "The Pitkin type flask," says R. M. Knittle, "is known to every glass collector. Many large bottles are green with long banded necks. The sunburst pattern flask is particularly meritorious."

Division of Palestine

A plan to divide Palestine according to the faith of the population—Jewish, Moslem and Christian—has been suggested. Mr. Ben Avi has proposed that 16 cantons be formed—6 Jewish, 7 Moslem and 3 Christian. The object is to place the inhabitants in congenial surroundings, giving each group freedom to govern itself in accordance with its own traditions. All would come under a central government, the mandatory power for Palestine.

Is It Not So?

Dorothy was honest. One day she said: "I'm trying to be good, mamma, but it's awful hard. It's so easy to be naughty."—Chicago Tribune.

Be a Pioneer Get in on the "ground floor" while prices are low and plenty of land from which to select in that Brand New West Stanislaus Irrigation District, truthfully rated as the outstanding project in the State. Suitable for deciduous fruits, beans of any variety, alfalfa, truck gardening, etc. Sold on easy terms. Westley Land Company, Westley, Stanislaus County, Calif.

For Ivy Poisoning
Try Hanford's
Balsam of Myrrh
All dealers are authorized to refund your money for the first bottle if not suited.

EDISON HOTEL
Brand new modern hostelry bldg.; $6 per week up; transient, $1.50 up. Ellis, 1540, Near Fillmore, San Francisco, Calif.

BE YOUR OWN BOSS
Learn Hoffman and Prosperity pressing, hat blocking, spotting and busheling. Write for free literature.
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GUINEA PIGS WANTED
State number, size and price. Sundale Caviary, 9031 Hillside St., Oakland, Calif.

USE GLENN'S SULPHUR SOAP
Contains 33⅓% Pure Sulphur
Skin eruptions, excessive perspiration, insect bites relieved at once by this refreshing, beautifying toilet and bath soap. Best for
Soft, Clear Skin
Robland's Styptic Cotton, 25c

Coffins Discarded

Every now and again some worthy Berlin citizen will buy a coffin and stow it away. At an auction there the other day, fourteen coffins were put up for sale. They had been seized by the courts, according to the auctioneer, from private citizens who could not or would not pay for them.

Human behavior is usually the result of habit.

"I Feel Like a New Person"

"I took Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound when I was tired, nervous and run-down. I saw the advertisement and decided to try it because I was hardly able to do my housework. It has helped me in every way. My nerves are better, I have a good appetite, I sleep well and I do not tire so easily. I recommend the Vegetable Compound to other women for it gives me so much strength and makes me feel like a new person."—*Mrs. Lena Young, R. # 1, Ellsworth, Maine.*

Lydia E. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound
Lydia E. Pinkham Med. Co., Lynn, Mass.

Knowledge and Wisdom

Knowledge dwells in heads replete with thoughts of other men; wisdom in minds attentive to their own.—Cowper.

Kill those Disease-Carrying flies

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Flit is sold only in this yellow can with the black band.

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Editorial

HORSES, MULES AND COWS

How rapidly the horse is vanishing from the American scene can only be fully appreciated when we realize that, in 12 years, more than one-third of all the horses in the United States have passed out of existence and have not been replaced. The year 1918 was the banner year for the horse. From about ten million horses in 1880, their number multiplied through 38 years until, in 1918, it reached the high peak of 21,555,000. Since then the replacement of the horse by motor vehicles has been rapid. The latest government figures place the total at around 13,000,000. Another ten years may see this reduced by half, and probably will.

The horse's career in America has been a short one. There were no horses or other beasts of burden known to the Indians of Noth America, though in South America the natives had tamed the llama to carry their loads. The Spanish conquistadores brought horses with them, many of which broke loose and ran wild. They multiplied rapidly in the fastness of the southwestern wilderness, and the Indians of the Great Plains speedily learned to break and use them. But a scant four hundred years, down to now, covers the history of the horse on this continent.

There are still a few horses left in the big cities. They are, so far, more economical than motors for house-to-house deliveries of milk, parcel post and express matter. But the increasing cost of their maintenance is gradually causing even these uses to be replaced by motors.

The mule is gaining on the horse. He is more efficient, eats less and works harder. In the period during which the horse population fell off by one-third the mule census showed an increase of nearly 20 per-cent. However, this increase has now slackened. There are fewer mules in use now than there were in 1924, whn these useful hybrids numbered 5,730,000.

In the period from 1920 to 1930, the number of beef cattle has dropped from above 47 million to under 33 mellion. We are eating less beef. But while we are drinking more milk, more butter and chees, the number of milch cows remains about as it has been for nearly 20 years—around 22 million. They are better cows, however, giving more milk on less fodder; and the tendency is to increase their number and quality.

Time was, not so long ago, when almost any sort of a horse was worth $100, an ordinary mule around $125 and a pretty fair cow could be bought for $75. The Kansas state agricultural department figures the average in Kansas today as $50 for a horse, $70 for a mule and $82 for a cow—taking them just as they run.

All of which contributes toward answering the question of why it no longer pays to grow hay and oats, for most farmers in most regions.

* * *

COMMUNICATION

There are still a fewplaces in the world where a man can be completely out of touch with everybody else in the world, but the number of such places is diminishing so rapidlyth at it is a safe prediction that before many years have passed we can go anywhere and still keep in communication with home.

Telephoning from railroad trains in motion is now an accomplished fact, in practical use. From any important train on the Canadian National railways, for a feeof 50 cents in addition to the telephone charge, the traveler can call up any telephone connected with the Bell system, which covers the United States, Mexico, most of Europe and a large part of Central and South America. Germany, France and other European countries have similar systems. America has no monoply on inventive genius, nor are we always the first to put new devices into use. But there is no doubt that eventually this system of train-telephony will be adopted in the United States.

The large pessenger liners now have facilities for telephoning from ship to shore and vice versa. Sooner or later all passenger ships and probably most freighters will be similarly equipped.

A portable radio broadcasting set has been devised which takes up such small space and weighs so little that future big game hunters, penetrating the African jungle, can easily take one along with them and so report their safety—or the opposite—to the folks at home every day.

Aircraft in flight now carry—many of them—radio equipments for both code and voice communication with the earth. Admiral Byrd's Antarctic expedition was never out of communication.

The next step forward is television. That has now become practical. Our children probably, our children certainly, will be able to see around the world as easily as we talk around it today.

All of these inventions which make communication easier tend toward closer international relations, better understandings, reudce the likelihood of war. The time may even come when disagreements between nations will be settled as easily as disagreements between business interests are settled today, and with as little bloodshed.

Just For Fun

A COLUMN OF FUN AND FACTS

By Haliwell & Jones

HOWDY FOLKS—We know a man who says his wife has three voices; a telephone voice, a company voice, and the one she uses on him.

* * *

Mama love papa?

* * *

WHEN PEOPLE SPEAK OF A LIVING WAGE, THEY MEAN A FLIVVING WAGE.

* * *

Mr. McBathwater, in one of his lighter moments, dashed this one off:
Hey, diddle, diddle,
The drum and the fiddle
And the sax were drinking some moon.
The audience laughed to hear such bad stuff,
And the drinks were poured down the bassoon.

* * *

In a certain section of the country liable to floods appears this sign: WHEN THIS SIGN IS UNDER WATER THE ROAD IS IMPASSABLE.

* * *

Charley Lewis says, "A roll in the stocking draws more interest than a roll in the bank.

* * *

A FELLOW WENT INTO MORGAN'S THE OTHER DAY AND SAID, "GIVE ME A VEST THAT WILL MATCH CHICKEN GRAVY.'

* * *

We think that next to a golf ball that hollers, "Here I am," when it gets lost in the rough, the greatest need in the world is a telephon bell that will tell you who is ringing at the other end.

* * *

The driver in the front seat needs one more signal, meaning that she has changed her mind.

* * *

USERS OF GOODYEAR TIRES NEVER CHANGE THEIR MINDS AS TO THE WISDOM OF THEIR SELECTION. COME IN AND WE WILL TELL YOU WHY.

HALIWELL & JONES
OPPOSITE SCHOOLS — PH. 111
Campbell, California

Local Happenings

Born—To Mr. and Mrs. A. B. Gilson, a daughter, Sunday, June 1, at the O'Conor sanitarium.

Irving Townsend returned Monday morning from Los Angeles where he has ben attending U. S. C. His roommate accompanied him this far and then went on to Santa Cruz.

Born—To Mr. and Mrs. Frank Mendel of Palo Alto, a son, June 10.

Marion Cilker participated in a recital given by the pupils of the Vivian Amet Johnson studios last Thursday.

Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Bailey, who was Miss Verna Hostettler, a former teacher at Campbell and baby, of Pacific Grove, were visiting with Mrs. M. J. Palmer over the week-end.

E. R. Kenedy has been confined to his bed with the flu for the past several days.

The Campbell Sea Scouts demonstrated their efficiency to the San Jose scouts in a motor boat trip last Saturday. The trip took place in San Francisco Bay.

W. C. Mason is suffering from a broken arm sustained in a fall from a wagon-load of hay.

Mr. and Mrs. M. Knopf and family are spending a two weeks' vacation near Eureka.

Mrs. Hazel Cilker and family were visitors in Oakland recently.

Mr. and Mrs. Roy Archibald and son have returned from a trip to Lake Tahoe.

Mr. and Mrs. William Speegle and Mr. and Mrs. L. Brown left last week for an extended motor trip into the northern part of the state and into Washington.

Adolph Emskamp of Spokane, who was formerly engaged in the poultry business in Campbell, is visiting with Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Ohlen and other friends.

Rev. and Mrs. A. S. Buell and son Robert are attending the annual state conference of Methodist churches in San Francisco this week.

F. H. Cutting was visiting with his son Douglas ,and family, in Pacific Grove over the week-end

Mr. and Mrs. S. N. Hedegard were Capitola visitors over the week-end.

Mrs. H. P. Wilkins and son, who have been visiting for the past three weeks with her brother, H. C. Smith, and family, returned to her home in Auburn, Wash., starting Monday morning.

McKesson Service

Very shortly you will receive a little booklet of HEALTH HELPS and SPECIAL INFORMATION that will be of great value to every family. This will be mailed to you. We stock McKesson Merchandise and can assure our patrons that the quality is the best money can produce . . . .

A FEW OUTSTANDING ITEMS THAT ARE REAL VALUES, AS WELL AS WONDERFUL MERCHANDISE

ALBAGAR, PLAIN (MINERAL OIL AND AGAR) PINT $1.25
ALBAGAR, COMPOUND (PHENOLPTHALEIN ADDED) $1.25
McKESSON RUBBING ALCOHOL, FULL PINT 39c
McKESSON LIQUID PETROLEUM HEAVY, PINT 60c
McKESSON SHAVING CREAM, LONG TUBE 39c
McKESSON MILK OF MAGNESIA 25c
McKESSON PURE COD LIVER OIL, VITAMIN TESTED, A FULL PINT ... 75c

CUT OUT THIS AD AND RETURN TO OUR STORE AND WE WILL GIVE YOU A VERY VALUABLE LITTLE GIFT

ABSOLUTELY FREE

ALSO ASK US HOW TO GET AMOS 'N' ANDY

SHADLE YOUR HOME TOWN DRUGGIST
PHONE CAMPBELL 138

The **WAY** *to* **WEALTH**

The desire to make money quickly is natural but dangerous, when it leads away from safe investment to risky speculation. Many persons became aware of this during the recent break in the stock market. Even those who held good stocks realized the importance and the necessity of having a cash reserve in the bank to meet the unforeseen emergency.

The most important thing it taught was the futility of trying to get rich quick by speculation. The way to wealth is to put money in the bank regularly, where it earns interest and grows steadily, surely and safely.

Come in today. Our officers will be glad to advise with you regarding your financial problems.

AMERICAN TRUST COMPANY
Since 1854
95 Banking Offices Serving Central California Communities
Resources more than $300,000,000

TRADE AT HOME

Tree Props and Drying Trays a Specialty

All Kinds of Building Material
Best Service Possible

Announcing our affiliation with
Mr. Geo. Jepsen
representing the L. H. BENNETT Co., distributors for the new
GENERAL ELECTRIC REFRIGERATOR

Campbell Lumber Co.
Phone 113

Summer scatters the family
. . . the Telephone keeps it together

THE family is scattered for the summer. Sally is in the mountains. Tom is on a ranch. Mrs. Williams is at the shore. And Mr. Williams home. . . . . But he is in close touch with every member of the family.

He does it *by telephone.*

It's inexpensive. And talking to them is next best to seeing them.

THE PACIFIC TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY

VOTE FOR
Hall S. Schrader
For
County Recorder

An Efficient Business Man makes a good County Official

Primary, August 26, 1930

Miss Nobody from Nowhere

BY ELIZABETH JORDAN

SIXTH INSTALLMENT

The third night in the new quarters was another nightmare. For the mental fog did not lift. She was not to be relieved from it, then, in the three days. She had not realized how great her hope had been, how strongly it had buoyed her, till she felt this staggering blow of disappointment. But time, even three days of it, does some thing for one at twenty-three. The nightmare was not so bad and hope's whispers were louder . . . This would not last long. This could not last long. It might end at any minute.

In the meantime she would occupy herself as much as she could. If it were to last, a reconstruction of life would be necessary. But as yet she closed her ears to the sound of battles in the future. If she must fight them, she would be up to them; at least she began to hope she would. But surely she could give herself a week of waiting.

The days were as alike as telegraph poles along a country road. She walked and read and kept her record with brief exactitude. All the time Memory was at her side like a motionless black figure, seemingly preparing to move, yet never moving. . . . A hundred times a day Eve caught at the trailing end of some suggestion which refused to be caught. She realized these frantic, futile clutches were wearing her out, yet she dared not discontinue them. At any minute one of them might lead her back.

She spent most of her afternoons in the reading rooms of the library, walking to and from this refuge, for the exercise. Several times she met Miss Davenport on the stairs of the old apartment house and was glad to observe that the young dancer had lost her look of acute physical suffering, though her face still had a bluish pallor.

The late afternoon of the fourth day was brightened by a visit from her neighbor. The girl breezed in without waiting for an answer to a rather assertive knock, revealing herself clad in a red Japanese kimono, with slippers and silk stockings to match. Her bobbed hair, which was naturally wavy, shone from a recent brushing. Eve observed with pleasure as she rose to greet her that there was no frowziness in the appearance of the new-comer. She was as immaculate as a red carnation, and she had the grin of the friendly puppy and a taking air of camaraderie. Nothing about her suggested the stricken figure of a few nights before.

"Hello," she began, and added ingratiatingly, without giving her hostess a chance to reply, "got any cigarettes you can spare?"

"No. I don't smoke. I'm awfully sorry.'

Miss Davenport sighed. "I'm out," she said. "I'll have to send Smith to get some."

But she made no move to leave, and Eve smiled at her, pathetically glad to have this cheerful guest enter her tragic no man's land.

"What's your line?" the caller suddenly demanded.

"My line?"

"Yeh, your spiel," the other explained. "You gotta have eats, ain't you? How d'you pay for 'em?"

"Oh, you mean how do I earn my living?" Eve's sense of pleasure in the interview perished. "I'm resting now," she said in a tone that forbad further inquiries; but she softened it by asking interestedly, "What do you do?"

"Me? I dance at Jake's."

Miss Davenport gave the information in a tone which implied that her mind was on something else.

"Where's Jake's?"

Miss Davenport gave the information, and went on with the gusto to attending an evidently enthralling subject. "Jake's," it appeared, was not what you'd call one of the town's swell joints. Neither was it a tough one. Eve inferred that it lay in comfortable security somewhere between these extremes, and the speaker added that Jake himself was a good egg.

"You don't need a letter from pastor to get into Jake's, but you sure get kicked out quick if you don't behave yourself while you're there," Ivy enthusiastically testified. "You shake a loose ankle, too, don't you?" she ended, so suddenly that Eve was startled out of her caution.

"I don't know," she admitted.

"Huh?"

"I mean I don't know whether I'm a good dancer or not."

That brought another stare. Then Miss Davenport rose.

"You come into my joint and I'll soon tell you," she remarked with decision.

She led the way back to her own quarters as she spoke, in superb assurance that she would be followed. Eve hesitated only an instant before accompanying the other girl across the hall.

Miss Davenport's "joint" seemed at first like the ghost of a room, in which the added spectre of a piano grinned at the visitor out of the shadows. The place was clean but cluttered.

A tall mirror stood in one corner, and a phonograph in another corner supplemented the musical atmosphere lent by the piano.

Miss Davenport put a record on the phonograph and the little room was filled with dance music, to which the hostess at once began to dance a fox-trot.

"Know this?" she demanded.

"I . . . think so."

"Try it."

There was something in the music that was not unlike the hostess, and the guest responded to them both. She rose and took a few steps, at first tentatively, then with conviction.

"And you didn't know whether you could dance!" Miss Davenport jeered. "Know this?"

She began to dance a rather intricate Charleston, and Eve shook her head.

"I'm afraid not."

'Well, try it."

Her persistence, though odd, was friendly, and Eve tried it.

"Not so good," the hostess admitted.. "This is the way. See?"

She went through the steps and made a few suggestions, put her guest twice through the dance, and dropped into a chair with a sudden look of exhaustion.

"I'm all in," she admitted. "It gets me that way these days—even a little of it. Ain't it the limit, when I've always been so well? . . . Say, what's your name, anyhow?" she interrupted herself to ask.

"Personne."

"Berson? I thought that's what Smith said it was. All right. Listen, Miss Berson, let's get down to cases. I ain't been doing this for my health, you know—draggin' you in here and puttin' you through a rehearsal. It's business. See? What I want to say is—you're out of a job, ain't you? And I'm the Jane can get you one!"

She was so beamingly satisfied with her little ruse and its success that Eve was touched.

"It's awfully good of you," she said warmly, "but—"

"But nothin'. It's with Jake."

Eve shook her head.

"You're more than kind," she said. "I can't thank you. But dancing isn't my line."

"You ain't great," Miss Davenport frankly admitted. "But you're good. An' you got a nice look about you. You'd suit Jake like a poached egg suits toast. He likes 'em refined."

Eve laughed.

"I'm sorry," she said, "but it's out of the question. Thank you a thousand times, just the same. This world seems full of Good Samaritans."

Eve gave much thought to Miss Davenport's suggestion in the week that followed. If this thing was going on the time for reconstruction work must soon come. She must tackle the job of living. She must do something to earn money. She had paid seventy-five dollars for less than a month's rent—far too much. She could not live indefinitely on that remaining two hundred dollars. What wage-earning possibilities could she consider?

A second call from Miss Davenport answered the question.

At ten o'clock one night a week later a sharp tap on Eve's outer door was impatiently repeated before she could respond to it. The door opened before Eve could reach it, and the impulsive young person on the threshold projected herself into the room. It was Ivy Davenport, as resplendent as a Christmas tree and clearly dressed for Jake's; but the expression on her impish face was one of acute agony.

"Say," she began without preface, "got a hot water bottle?" As if in explanation of this abrupt request she clasped her side with her hand and lurched across the room, dropping with a groan into the nearest chair.

'One of my attacks," she brought out between stiff lips. "I get 'em every now and then, damn 'em, an' they're just hell. I started out thinking I'd get over this, like I do sometimes, but I hadda come back. They ain't killed me yet, so I guess this won't.

"But it'd help an awful lot if I could crawl into bed and make a pet of a hot water bottle."

"I'm terribly sorry," Eve hurried to her side. "I haven't a thing."

Ivy bent and twisted under a spasm of pain.

"Let me help you to bed," Eve said quickly. "Can you get back if I give you an arm?"

"I guess so . . . but don't rush me!" The girl stood up with a gasp, leaning heavily on the supporting arm.

"I'll put you to bed first. Then I'll run out and get a hot water bottle. I suppose there's a drug store near here. Perhaps I can get something else, too. What helps you most?"

"I got some med'cine, but nothin' helps me like the hot water bottle does. I took mine to Queenie Morris's Sunday night and forgot it the next morning. What do you know about that? The one thing I ain't never without since these attacks began.

"Don't try to talk."

Eve helped her back across the hall and into Ivy's bedroom.

"You're awful good," Ivy groaned, lending herself to the ministrations like a helpless child. "I'll feel better soon's I'm between the sheets."

Undressing her was a simple process, and Eve performed it easily. She feebly indicated red pajamas lying across the foot of the bed, and Eve hustled her into them.

"It's a shame to leave you do all this," Ivy muttered. 'But if I bent I'd never straighten out again."

"I'm glad to help you."

Eve got her into bed. As she did so she wondered if she had been a nurse in her previous state of existence. It was pleasant to discover that she could do things efficiently. It bolstered her selfrespect.

"Now I'll go for the hot water bottle," she told her patient. "Keep still till I get back. Hadn't I better call a doctor, too?"

"No, I don't want no doctor around me." Despite her pain Ivy spoke sharply, almost roughly, and Eve felt a deepening of her strong fellow-feeling for this other girl, who so obviously shared her dread of the profession.

Before she left the apartment, she put the water on to boil. When she got back she filled the bottle and gave it to the sufferer, who settled it into place with a groan of relief.

"Most of the pain's here," Ivy said, vaguely indicating a region between her waist and her heart. "But none of the fool doctors could tell me what makes it. It won't last much longer now, but I'm all in when it's over."

"I'll sit here till you feel better." The amateur nurse drew an easy-chair close to the bed. "Don't talk. Just relax and try to go to sleep," she added as she settled into comfort.

(Continued Next Week)

Little Girl, 10, Eats So Much, Mother Amazed

"My 10-year-old daughter had no appetite. Then we gave her Vinol, and now she eats so much we are amazed."—Mrs. W. Joosten.

Vinol supplies the body important mineral elements of iron, calcium with cod liver peptone. This is just what thin, nervous children or adults need, and the QUICK results are surprising. The very FIRST bottle brings sound sleep and a BIG appetite. Vinol tastes delicious! Shadle's Drug Store.

KIWANIS NOTES
By Heck

The Gilroy Kiwanis club attended en masse here today and served up the program. Francis Whitmer was the speaker and gave a very enlightening talk on insurance trusts. These inter-club meets are proving a most enjoyable feature of the club activities and the cementing of friendships is working overtime to unite the community interests.

Dr. E. W. Mullen of Agnew will speak on "Insanity Or What Have You," next Tuesday, and Doc Beall, one of the local bugs, will mix the pills.

Wife—Egbert, what would you do if I were to die?

Egbert—I should go mad, my dear.

Wife—Would you marry again?

Egbert—Well, I don't think I should go as mad as that!

FIELD'S STORE

THURSDAY, FRIDAY and SATURDAY SPECIALS

Peet's Granulated Soap, lg. pkg. 35c
SMALL SIZE PACKAGE FREE WITH LARGE PACKAGE

Snowdrift, 3 lb. can 71c

Custo, A man's dessert, 3 pkgs. 23c

IXL Chicken Tamales, not boneless ...11c

Gold Medal Flour, 24½ lb. sack. ...$1.08

Dox Compound, 2 pkgs. 27c

Golden Age Spaghetti, Macaroni, Egg Noodles, TWO DOUBLE PACKAGES **27c**

Supreme Asparagus, No. 1 tin 33c

Warrenton Minced Clams, No. ½ can 17c

Calo Dog Food, 2 No. 1 cans 23c

Blue Ribbon Malt, 3 lb. can 55c

FIELD'S STORE

PHONE 127 SERVICE AND DEPENDABILITY

THEY DID NOT KNOW!

Back in 1818 the greatest newspaper of the day declared that the world had reached the limit of human expansion. It even went further, saying there weren't supplies enough in the world to support further growth of population.

The mind fo 1818 coudn't conceive of the miracles that human ingenuity would perform during the twentieth century. It couldn't imagine the wonders that would be wrought by new agricultural methods and modern manufacturing genius. It was ignorant of transportation as we know it, or the progressive sales methods of today. It could not see the vital part that would be played by advertising.

Even today there are some who fail to realize what an important factor advertising has become. Advertising is as much a part of today's life as electricity, antiseptic surgery or automobiles. It keeps us up to date on the many things we need in order to live profitable, happy and useful lives. It presents for our approval articles of all kinds and for all purposes. The requirements of each member of the family are met by advertised offers of good merchandise of proved value.

The advertisements save time, money and effort for those who read them and follow their guidance. They are practical quarantees of satisfaction.

Readers:

Don't lay this paper aside without reading the advertisements!

Merchants:

Don't let this paper go to press without carrying to its hundreds of readers a message from your store!

You've got to keep telling 'em
If you want to keep selling 'em

1—View in the centennial exposition in Antwerp in celebration of the founding of the Belgian state, recently opened by the king and queen of the Belgians. 2—Historical parade in Malden, Mass., during the tercentennary celebration of that town. 3—Mrs. Sarojini Naidu, who succeeded Mahatma Gandhi as leader of the Indian civil disobedience campaign and was arrested by the British authorities.

NEWS REVIEW OF CURRENT EVENTS

J. J. Davis and Pinchot Win in Pennsylvania G. O. P. Primary.

By EDWARD W. PICKARD

JAMES J. DAVIS, secretary of labor, won the Republican nomination for United States senator from Pennsylvania in the hot fight with Senator Joseph R. Grundy, and his plurality was decisive.

Gifford Pinchot, with his heavy vote in the upstate counties, managed to defeat Francis Shunk Brown for the gubernatorial nomination, his plurality being about 15,000. The returns from the large cities of the state had seemed to give Brown the victory, but this was reversed when the country vote came in, Pinchot winning in 60 of the 67 counties.

William E. Vare, with his powerful Philadelphia organization both won and lost, for he was supporting Davis and Brown. Eight years ago Pinchot captured the gubernatorial nomination from Alter, another of Vare's proteges.

The nomination of Mr. Davis for senator was said in Washington to be highly satisfactory to President Hoover, and certainly many of the Republican senators were pleased by the defeat of Mr. Grundy.

There were wet candidates for both the nominations, F. H. Bohlen for senator and T. W. Phillips, Jr., for governor; because of help from Philadelphia they cast a large vote. Davis is presumably a dry; Pinchot campaigned as an ardent dry, and Brown urged a referendum on state prohibition enforcement.

There were no contests for statewide officers in the Democratic party. Sedgwick Kistler of Lock Haven becoming the minority party nominee for senator and John H. Hemphill of West Chester for governor.

WARREN E. GREEN of Hazel, "dark horse" candidate, was nominated for governor by South Dakota Republicans at their state convention in Pierre, over four other candidates, including Miss Gladys Pyle, secretary of state.

Miss Pyle led in most of the ballots, but was defeated when Brooke Howell of Frederick, her strongest opponent, withdrew. Howell's support then was thrown to Green, who received more than the majority of 55,995, necessary to nomination, on the eleventh ballot.

AFTER many months of work, the tariff bill was submitted to congress for final action, which, it was hoped, would be taken within a week or ten days. The conferees of the senate and house reached complete agreement on the few items remaining after the export debenture and flexible tariff features had been settled. The debenture clause was eliminated as the house demanded. A compromise was adopted on the flexible tariff provision which is closer to the house than the senate plan. Under it the President retains the power to change duties, as in the house bill, but on the basis of differences in costs of production as provided in the present law rather than to equalize competitive conditions as provided by the house bill. The tariff commission will be continued as a bipartisan commission of six members, as provided by the senate bill, instead of a nonpartisan commission of seven, as proposed in the house bill.

Leaders of both the Democrats and the radical Republicans have issued statements attacking the tariff bill as it stands. More than thirty foreign governments also have sent to Washington their protests against various of its provisions, and the representatives of one or two of them in America have spoken publicly against the measure.

IN THEIR eagerness to obtain ratification of the London naval treaty the sponsors of that pact in the senate last week looked with some favor on a proposal of Senator Claude A. Swanson of Virginia that there be an exchange of notes by the United States, Great Britain and Japan to close a "loophole" in the treaty which might allow Great Britain 23 big cruisers a year after the United States reached its full treaty strength of 18.

The Virginia senator, a member of the foreign relations committee which has been holding hearings on the treaty, said that, unless the "treaty ambiguity" on the point could be cleared up by an exchange of notes, the senate would be justified in adopting a reservation to safeguard the American position.

Several rear admirals, members of the navy general board, told the committees on foreign relations and naval affairs why they objected to the treaty, asserting that it favors Great Britain and Japan at the expense of America. But, as was said a week ago, the critics of the pact in England and Japan are equally sure that it is unfair to their countries. There is little or no doubt that the treaty will be favorably reported to the senate by the foreign relations committee, but whether or not it will be passed on by the senate before the winter session is uncertain.

WITHOUT discussion and without a record vote, the senate confirmed the appointment of Owen J. Roberts of Philadelphia to be associate justice of the Supreme Court of the United States, to fill the vacancy caused by the death of Justice Edward T. Sanford. The judiciary committee had unanimously approved the appointment, and when Senator Joseph T. Robinson, the minority leader, said he had no objection to immediate consideration the question of confirmation was put and carried without a negative vote being heard.

PRESIDENT HOOVER went out to sea aboard the new cruiser Salt Lake City, and off the Virginia Capes reviewed a large portion of the American navy. Fifty-three battleships, cruisers, aircraft carriers, destroyers and submarines took part in the program, which included an aerial attack against capital ships from the flying decks of the aircraft carriers Lexington and Saratoga and the staging of a mimic naval engagement which emphasized this country's shortage in cruisers.

During the eight hours spent aboard the Salt Lake City the President witnessed the launching of planes from catapults, watched a naval plane hitch on to the giant dirigible Los Angeles, and obtained a glimpse of the navy air arm's latest method of attack against surface ships, the diving bomb attack.

CHARGES of stock market speculation made against Bishop James Cannon, Jr., of the Methodist church, South, by Josephus Daniels and some twenty other laymen, were declared not substantiated by the evidence presented, by the episcopacy committee of the church at its conference in Dallas, Texas, so the bishop was considered exonerated. He told the committee that he had fallen into the hands of "a bunch of sharpers," was sorry for what he did and would not do it again.

F. SCOTT MCBRIDE, general superintendent of the Anti-Saloon league, continued as a witness before the senate lobby committee, and was severely hectored by Senator Blaine of Wisconsin, a wet, during several sessions. McBride, however, frequently held his own in the scrap, and on at least one occasion was loudly cheered by the audience, which enraged Mr. Blaine.

HAVING been revised by the senate commerce committee, the house rivers and harbors bill was reported to the senate, and it was believed it would be enacted into law before the adjournment of congress. As finally agreed upon the bill carries authorizations amounting to upward of $125,000,000 as compared with $110,000,000 as passed by the house. Senator A. H. Vanderberg of Michigan asserted that actual cost of all projects authorized would reach $335,000,000.

The bill includes $7,500,000 for the completion of the controversial Illinois waterway project, $7,500,000 for beginning the deepening of the upper Mississippi river from six to nine feet, an authorization of $29,000,000 for deepening Great Lakes channels and authorization permitting the government to take over the Erie and Oswego barge canals in New York state. One of the final items added to the measure by the committee was an authorization of $5,000,000 for improvement of the Tennessee river. Senator Vanderberg made unsuccessful efforts to incorporate in the Illinois waterway section a limitation of 1,500 cubic feet per second upon the diversion of water to be allowed at Chicago.

HANFORD MACNIDER of Iowa, former assistant secretary of war and also a former national commander of the American Legion, was nominated by President Hoover to be minister to Canada, to succeed William Phillips, resigned. Mr. MacNider is forty years old, a banker, and won the D. S. C. when serving overseas with the Second division.

BILLS reported favorably to the house by its judiciary committee provide for the appointment of eleven new federal judges as a step toward relief for congestion in the courts. They would be distributed as follows: New York, Southern district, two; New York, Eastern district, one; California, Southern district, one; Texas, Southern district, one; Missouri, Eastern district, one; Louisiana, at large, one, and District of Columbia, Court of Appeals, two.

Previously the committee had reported individual bills for two new judges of the District Supreme court, and one each for West Virginia, Kentucky, and Minnesota, making a total of sixteen.

GERMANY'S big dirigible, the Graf Zeppelin, commanded by Dr. Hugo Eckener and carrying passengers, made a successful and rather uneventful trip from Friedrichshafen to Pernambuco and Rio Janeiro, Brazil, last week. But one stop was made en route, at Seville, Spain. The proposed route of the Zeppelin thereafter will take it back to Pernambuco, to Havana, to Lakehurst, N. J., and thence back to Germany. Owing partly to head winds the speed of the big ship was not unusual, being from 50 to 60 miles an hour.

NATIONALISTS of India made several attempts to raid government salt works, especially those at Dharsana, and there were violent clashes with the police in which about 600 of the natives were injured. Mrs. Sarojini Naidu, the poetess who succeeded Mahatma Gandhi as leader of the campaign, was arrested, as were many of her lieutenants. The leadership of the volunteers then fell to V. J. Patel, resigned speaker of the legislative assembly. The spokesman of the India office in London said the worst was over and the period of reconstruction would soon begin—which may be overoptimistic.

OPERATION of the Young plan for reparations and of the Bank of International Settlements at Basel, Switzerland, went into effect officially, the opening being marked by the burning of billions in German war bonds of the Dawes plan in Paris. At the same time the evacuation of the third zone of occupation in the Rhineland was begun by the French, with the assurance that the final zone, including Mayence and the Palatinate, would be freed within a few weeks.

IF THE now completed poll taken by the Literary Digest is a true indication of the nation's sentiment, the population of the country is 40 per cent wet, 29 per cent moist and 31 per cent dry.

A total of 4,806,464 votes were cast in the poll.

Of these 1,043,052, or 40.43 per cent of the total, favored outright repeal of the Eighteenth amendment and all that goes with it.

Another 1,399,314 cast their ballots for modification of the Volstead law. This was 29.11 of the total.

The rest, or 1,464,098, 30.46 per cent, urged strict enforcement of the existing measure.

ON MOTION of Representative Bertrand H. Snell of New York, the house of representatives authorized a sweeping congressional investigation of Communistic activities in the United States. A committee of five probably will hold hearings during the summer in several of the larger cities, and it has the power to spend as much money as it needs and to subpoena witnesses and documents. The resolution had the full support of the administration leaders and was not seriously opposed.

(©, 1930, Western Newspaper Union.)

Indian Rioters Being Clubbed by Policemen

This picture, taken at Girgsum, India, shows native policemen charging a mob of riotous followers of Mahatma Gandhi and dispersing the crowd by free use of their clubs.

What the Well Dressed Dartmouth Boys Wear

Here is an array of Dartmouth students showing how shorts may be adapted for wear on every occasion. The revolt against the conventional trousers is sponsored by the college paper. Many college athletes, including the football hero, Al Marsters, have come out "for the freedom of the knees." These students are showing how shorts may be worn for school, in the autumn, for afternoon wear, for study, for formal occasions, "pour le sport," for semiformal attire and for the campus.

Joan of Arc Ceremony in Orleans

With surplices and cassocks fluttering in the breeze and being dampened by a drizzle, high churchmen participated in a religious procession through the streets of the ancient town of Orleans, France, to commemorate the immortal Joan of Arc. In the background may be seen the historic cathedral of Orleans where the Maid is said to have paused for prayer.

Sparrows Ride on Geese

From Cape Breton comes the report that hundreds of sparrows cross the straits of Newfoundland on the backs of migratory wild geese. Sparrows see other birds going across and, true to their nature, want to go along. The winds are strong, however, and the distance too great for them, so they stow away on the backs of the geese. The same report declares that as many as ten sparrows have been seen on the back of one goose, unable to shake the rascals off. They hang on as ticks cling to a sheep.

Soldiers Taught to Farm

Great success is attending the work of the Army Vocational Training school at Chisleton, England, where soldiers during the last six months of their service are prepared for civilian life in the dominions. Although still in the army the men are not subjected to army discipline and distinction of rank. Farming, dairying and poultry raising are the principal studies. The students are farming more than 2,000 acres of land. In the cowsheds soldiers and their wives are taught to milk.

MORROW'S OPPONENT

Franklin W. Fort of East Orange, N. J., who is opposing Dwight W. Morrow for the Republican nomination for United States senator from New Jersey for the term beginning next March.

NEW CABINET AIDE

An especially posed portrait of Col. Frederick Huff Payne, newly appointed assistant secretary of war.

"Local Investment—Try First at Home"

"Try First at Home" has become a national slogan. It was originated to counteract the very numan tendency that "the grass across the way is greener"; it has become a national slogan **because it has proved itself!**

There is only one place in the world where you can spend your dollars AND SEE THEM WORK FOR YOU. Where you can have them return to you with big dividends. That is in your community. They are emblems of your civic loyalty and interest. They work for you by giving.you a greater and more prosperous community—good city government, with law and order—improved schools and churches—better streets—and increased service and business facilities.

NOWHERE ELSE is the purchasing power of your dollar greater than in your own town!
NOWHERE ELSE can the comforts, conveniences and necessities of life be secured at a lower cost!
NOWHERE ELSE will your money buy for you the careful, personal service characterized by individual interest that is rendered you by your community!

What sense is there in sending these dollars **out** of town for the things you need, when your local business and professional men can supply these needs—yes, supply them with better quality and at a lower cost? They do not say "Keep your dollars here"—they merely say

TRY FIRST AT HOME

The glamour of "out-of-town" shopping fades for the man or woman who realizes that the dollar spent "out of town" never returns to benefit either them or the community in which they live.

The "out-of-town" dollar goes into the structure of some other community's prosperity, depriving OUR community of just that much business energy and building force, and in no way making it possible for OUR OWN COMMUNITY INTERESTS TO INCREASE THE VALUE OF OUR SERVICE TO YOU!

***TRY FIRST AT HOME**—the "out-of-town" dollar is gone forever; the "home-spent" dollar returns to you in*

CAMPBELL

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MEALS AT ALL HOURS
CANDIES : CIGARS : CIGARETTES

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All Work Called For and Delivered
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Office Hours: 10 to 12 and 1 to 5
Office: Curry Bldg, Phone 166
Campbell, Calif.

DR. C. E. FARMAN
Dentist
Hours: 9 a. m. to 4 p. m.
Curry Bldg. Campbell, Calif.

DR. ERNEST A. ABBOTT
Dentist
Rm. 6, Porter Bldg., San Jose
Phone San Jose 2447

Masonic Notice

Charity Lodge No. 362, F. & A. M., Campbell, Calif. Stated meetings held on the first Monday of each month. Chris Anderson, W. M.
T. A. Robinson, Secretary

Independent Order of Odd Fellows

Morning Light Lodge No. 42 Meets every Thursday evening in I.O.O.F. hall. Sojourning members are cordially invited to attend the lodge meetings. Fred Getchell, Noble Grand,
Ralph Gardner, Secretary

ORCHARD CITY GRANGE

Meets second and fourth Tuesday Evenings at I. O. O. F. Hall.
S. N. Hedegard, Worthy Master
Edna F. Keesling, Worthy Secty.

Patriarchial Branch I. O. O. F.

Barnes Encampment No. 77
Meets first and third Wednesday evenings at I. O. O. F. hall in Campbell.
H. A. Pratt,
Chief Patriarch.
E. A. Draper,
Scribe.

NOTICE TO CREDITORS

Estate of Walter Robert Copley, also known as Walter R. Copley, also known as W. R. Copley, deceased.

Notice is hereby given by the undersigned Executors of the last Will and Testament of Walter Robert Copley, also known as Walter R. Copley, also known as W. R. Copley, deceased, to the creditors of and all persons having claims against the said decedent, to file them, with the necessary vouchers, in the office of the Clerk of the Superior Court in and for Santa Clara County, California, within six (6) months after the first publication of this Notice, or within said period to exhibit the same, with the necessary vouchers, to the said Executors at the office of Bohnett, Hill & Campbell, rooms 807-812 First National Bank Building, in the City of San Jose, County of Santa Clara, State of California, where all business connected with said estate will be transacted.

San Jose, Calif., this 15th day of May, A. D., 1930.

J. C. Ainsley,
Ernest A. Priestley,
Executors of the last Will and Testament of Walter Robert Copley, also known as Walter R. Copley, also known as W. R. Copley, deceased.

Bohnett, Hill & Campbell, Attys. for said Executors. (37-38-39-40)

The Ada Rebekah Stitching club gave a most successful card party Saturday night at the community hall.

Mr. and Mrs. L. J. Carboni left Thursday for a trip through southern California and Mexico.

May E. Flannery, county recorder, was greeting friends in Campbell Monday in the interests of her campaign for re-election.

2 Glasses Water, Not Cold, Help Constipation

One glass water is not enough—take 2 glasses a half hour before breakfast. You get quicker and better results by adding a little simple glycerin, saline, etc., (known as Adlerika) to one class.

Unlike other remedies, Adlerika acts on BOTH upper and lower bowel and removes old poisons you never thought were in your system. Adlerika stops GAS and sour stomach in 10 minutes! Relieves constipation in 2 hours. Shadle's Drug Store.

WAN-TADS

PIANO

We have in storage near Campbell one baby grand piano of our own manufacture, which we will sell at a big reduction in price rather than stand the expense of returning to San Francisco. $10 per mo. will handle. Send full information to

Name .....

Address .....

City .....

The Baldwin Piano Company
310 Sutter St., San Francisco

Hemstitching — Reasonable. Call evenings. F. Fletcher, 106 No. Central, phone 107-J. 35-42

For Rent—Modern 3 rm. and bath cottage on Campbell avenue. See Haliwell & Jones. 1tchg

Furnished house for rent. See O. A. Putnam.

WANTED--A gasoline engine, five horsepower. See Howard Smith, Box 151 Hamilton avenue, or leave information at Press office.

CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH
Rev. J. H. Bennet, Pastor

Children's day services will be held this Sunday at the church from 11 to 12 o'clock a. m. The message and program will be adapted to Children's day and will be delivered by Rev. Bennett. This sermon will be included in the talk to the elder members.

The Women's Guild will meet at the church Thursday afternoon at 2 o'clock. All members are asked to be present.

The Friendship club will meet Wednesday evening at 7 o'clock at the home of Mrs. C. Shumway on Union avenue.

A fine representation of students, their families, and faculties of the high school filled the church at the baccalaureate services Sunday evening. Special music had been prepared by the choir and the Rev. Bennett spoke on "Faith, the Pathfinder." The Rev. Albert Buell of the Methodist church assisted with the service.

Resignation Expected

Claudius H. Huston of Tennessee, chairman of the Republican National committee, whose resignation is expected when Congress adjourns.

School Notes

The following are some very good poems written by members of the junior class in commemoration of the closing of school:

O TEACHER, MY TEACHER
(With Apologies to Walt Whitman)

O teacher, my teacher, the awful school is done.
I've gotten fours and fives galore, with nary a single one.
Vacation's near, the fish I hear, the river's all a'tumblin'.
I list in fancy to the ocean, with its awful roar and rumblin'.
But oh, card, card, card!
Oh, the awful marks in red,
Where with pen the teacher marked,
Knocking college in the head!
O, teacher, my teacher, regardless of my marks.
They're done, so now for fun, and many joyous larks.
I'll go another year to high, but let me fish right now.
Oh, let me swim and tramp around, next year I'll work! And how!
Please teacher, dear teacher,
Just let me go this once.
To take a trip to Santa Cruz
Repays the name of "Dunce."
My teacher does not answer. Her look expresses much.
She does not list my urgent plea, to Santa Cruz and such.
The grades are written big and bold ,and stare securely up,
As if to say in mournful voice, "You quaff a bitter cup."
Exult you others, go on trips,
While I with mournful eyes,
Gaze upon that awful card,
Heaving desperate sighs.

—Cora Blakesley, '31

OUR HIGH SCHOOL

Just when the night is falling
And just at close of day
The old school house is silent
With everyone away.
Trees and shrubs seem guarding
In shadows of the night
Our dear old Alma Matter
For whom we all unite.
And, when the stily dark
Has crept so softly o'er
The school house then is hidden
Like the closing of a door.
I gaze into the star light
And memories then come fast
Rushing to my vision
Like friendly ghosts long past.
But waking from my reverie
My thoughts then fleet away
They vanish with the school house
In haze across the way.

—Lola Rhoten, '31

IT'S NATURE THAT'S CALLING

Oh, to go and frolic where
The silver stream runs deep,
And everything's so quiet, that
The forest seems asleep.
Except for some long distant howl,
Or a melancholy cheep,
Or perhaps the sound of grazing from
A nearby flock of sheep.
Just to wander care free 'till
The evening sun is low,
And the fleecy clouds are cast
With a golden rosy glow.
And the poplar leaves turn silver, as
Winds waft them to and fro,
And the small, fleet swallows, flying
Swiftly homeward go.
It's nature that's a-calling, calling
Long and loud to me.
School's keepin' me back, from
The places I would be;
I long to play and wander on that
Dear old rolling lea.
Oh, it's a grand and glorious feeling
To know I'll soon be free.

—Dorothy Todd, '31

The public speaking class of the high school is Wednesday night to present a one act comedy at Decoto, the Masonic home. The play is entitled, "Grandma Pulls the Strings." It has ben presented before at the school with considerable success.

The cast includes Francis Barstow, Eva Salaschie, Bob Pryor, Dorothy Burton, Mildred Smith and Harriet Barnes.

The director is Miss Hubbard; electrician, Eugene Moore, and George Stubbe, property man and stage manager.

Besides the play there will be given a number of recitations by members of the cast.

Edwin Mitchell To Be Nobe Grand of Local Odd Fellows Lodge

Following impending installation ceremonies Edwin Mitchell will take his place as the noble grand of the Morning Light lodge, I. O. O. F. He was elected at a regular meeting Thursday evening at Odd Fellows hall. Raymond Mathis was elected vice grand and W. R. Coupland, trustee.

No election of secretary, treasurer and financial secretary was held as Ralph Gardner, T. A. Robson and Ed Genasci respectively hold those offices and their terms do not expire until January.

Date of installation will be announced later.

Campbell Nine Beats Pioneers 14-11 Sun.

Campbell won another baseball game Sunday, this time from the Pioneers. The score was 14-11, but the game was nevertheless very good. Campbell played good ball all along the way.

Pioneer	AB	R	H
Lindsey, rf	4	2	1
Filice, 2b	3	3	0
Moreno, ss	5	3	2
Palm, lf	5	2	3
Cclofoni, c	5	0	2
Padilla, 1b	4	0	1
Gurkovich, 3b	4	0	1
Diaz, p-rf	4	0	1
Garrat, p	2	1	1
Mancuso, rf	2	0	0
Totals	38	11	12

Campbell	AB	R	H
Bono, 2b	5	2	2
Flood, ss	4	2	2
Stanley, c	4	0	0
Preston, 1b	3	2	0
Clark, p-rf	4	3	0
P. Frank, lf	4	3	2
Fragosa, cf	4	1	2
G. Frank, 3b	3	1	2
Kennedy, p	0	0	0
L. Frank, rf	4	0	0
Totals	35	14	10

E. C. Merrill and son Ed, accompanied by Arthur McCarty, returned Sunday from a motor trip to Portland.

IT WASN'T ANY FUN

Boys have a lot of trouble,
Most more than anyone;
Big folks all want to train us,
Which isn't any fun!

Ma said to hoe the garden,
At night it wasn't done;
And then things—well, things happened,
But it wasn't any fun!

Cook, she made some custard pies,
One disappeared—just one;
What happened? I'm not telling,
But it wasn't any fun!

One day I went a-huntin',
Took Brother Bob's new gun,
Got back—Dad met me at the gate;
That wasn't any fun!

Next day I chopped a small tree,
Just like George Washington;
But I forgot to mention it—
That wasn't any fun!

Dreamed Dad and I changed places,
I was Dad and he my son;
Maybe I didn't train him—
Oh, Gee, but dreams are fun!

DOWN GO THE PRICES of GOODYEAR TIRES and tubes

All-Weather, Pathfinder and Truck Tires
LOWEST PRICES IN HISTORY

Pathfinder Standard Lifetime GUARANTEE

NO TIME OR MILEAGE LIMITS!

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29x4.40-21	$5.55
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30x4.50-21	$6.35
28x4.75-19	$7.55
29x4.75-20	$7.65
30x4.75-21	$7.95
29x5.00-19	$7.98
30x5.00-20	$8.15
31x5.00-21	$8.45
30x5.25-20	$9.40
31x5.25-21	$9.75
30x5.50-20	$10.20
31x6.00-19	$12.10
32x6.00-20	$12.55
33x6.00-21	$12.90
32x6.50-20	$14.36

HIGH PRESSURE OVERSIZE CORDS	
30x3 Cl.	$4.68
30x3½ O Cl. O. S.	$4.98
30x3½ R Cl.	$4.89
30x3½ S. S.	$6.35
31x4 S. S.	$8.65
32x4 S. S.	$9.35
32x4½ S. S.	$13.10
33x4 S. S.	$9.95
33x4½ S. S.	$13.55
33x5 S. S.	$18.25
34x4 S. S.	$10.85
34x4½ S. S.	$14.20
HEAVY DUTY TRUCK	
30x5 8 ply	$19.35
33x5 8 ply	$22.15
32x6 10 ply	$34.10
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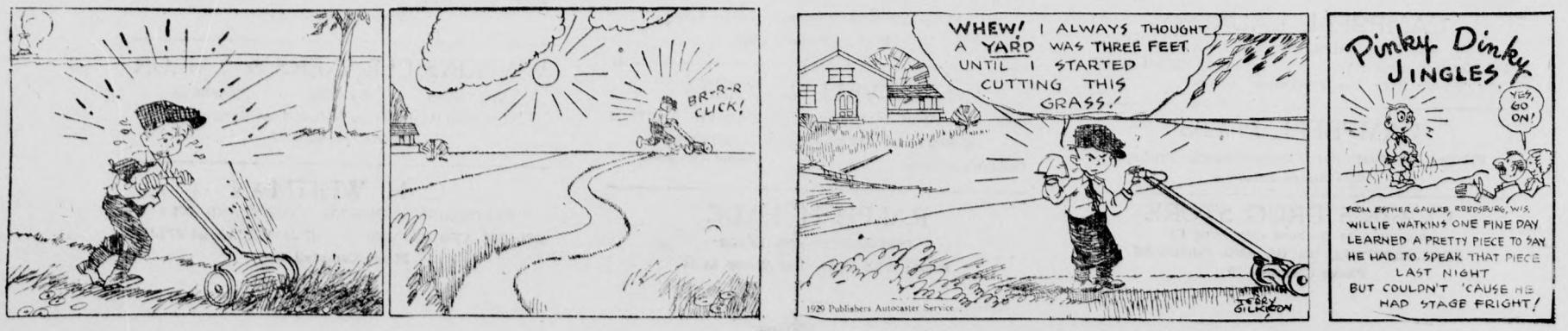
PINKY DINKY and His Gang — By Terry Gilkison


BR-R-R CLICK!
WHEW! I ALWAYS THOUGHT A YARD WAS THREE FEET UNTIL I STARTED CUTTING THIS GRASS!
1929 Publishers Autocaster Service
TERRY GILKISON
Pinky Dinky JINGLES
YES, GO ON!
FROM ESTHER GAULKE, REEDSBURG, WIS.
WILLIE WATKINS ONE FINE DAY LEARNED A PRETTY PIECE TO SAY HE HAD TO SPEAK THAT PIECE LAST NIGHT BUT COULDN'T 'CAUSE HE HAD STAGE FRIGHT!